

Leonard Suelb

July 9 1776

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I believe Sir that there is no passion more difficult to restrain than the emotions of gratitude especially when memory can recall no circumstance that doth not add to them, but I will rely upon that benevolence which I have so fully experienced and upon my self that when It imposes silence it will move that supply my feeble powers of language, and speak for me and mine in terms more adequate to my respect and gratitude. It will say for us how much our hearts were affected, by a goodness and condescension which so far exceeded our deserts and expectations. A goodness so like the affection of the nearest relationship that nothing but the high respect we were inspired with could have guarded us against the flow of gratitude which was ready to burst from us. This pent up as it must be to a certain degree, must rather gain than lose of its force, and must remain with us for ever. My eyes at this moment will not be controlled, memory hath brought before them all those gracious acts & impressions of the highly respected Two who we are allowed, nay ordered, to view thro' the medium of private friendship and indeed had it required this veil to soften the effect of its united powers, which so often have totally overcome us. Here then the subject shall

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end, but let not the highly respected Two think because we are silent that there is a moment in which we do not make every prayer that respect, veneration and the most heart felt affection can utter. —

We rejoice that the Villa agrees and that they who most deserve it find a place of peace and happiness. — that they who have made it so constantly their object to give it to others share in it themselves before the great moment of their ample reward — there is in perfect solitude, (for no solitude is perfect but that wherein the bosom friend partakes with us for there alone it is that we are completely involved) a sensation of complaisance which is incompatible with the busy scenes of life — the mind glances from Earth to Heaven from Heaven to Earth not with the Poet's Phantasy, but with the Christian's Ardour and seems to unite it self with all that is most perfect — the narrow contracted the selfish, the narrow false views of busy life vanish before us like the marshy fog & the full light of truth breaks in upon us, the actions that will stand this blaze raise us to Heaven — the respected Two feel this Union when they contemplate their thousand Acts of pure benevolence — But tho' we have the busy scenes of Men, there is no solitude so great, but the busy scenes of Creation follow us — the Bird from every spray, the Fly from every vegetable power that life surrounds us every where — In the depth of the solitude I am now in, all is animated — We sought it with an eagerness

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which hath been rewarded, My Fellow Traveller agreed with me that we had already parted from what could most try us & the quicker we passed over the space of separation the better — We have met with that reception which affection alone can inspire, & the home and place unite more comfort with its solitude than we had expected, the head of a mattress had passed over a ruinous mattress and if it could not make it gay at least it hath taken all the gloom it had — our Whitty friends arrived within two days after us — M^{rs} C hath not indeed gained much strength or plumpness since we saw her, but we still flatter ourselves with the profusion of this Blessing during the short time we have to run — But I forget my self, when I should most profess my self — I could not get my mind out of the train of thoughts which certain last moments had inspired it with — If I am again permitted to indulge it I shall hope to be left serious tho' not left sincere, left agitated altho' not left grateful, for all that can awake gratitude & veneration in an human breast. —

Hutton Rowville. 9th July 1776.

I wish it may be said here I am to address if I have again this indulgence. —

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting on aged paper]

Mr Smith

July 9. 1946